For Chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawle;
He that ſtirres next, to carue forth his owne rage,
Holds his ſoule light, he dies vpon his motion;
Silence that dreadfull bell, it frights the Iſle
From her propriety: what's the matter maſters?
Honeſt *Iago*, that lookes dead with grieuing,
Speake, who began this, on thy loue I charge thee.

Iag. I doe not know, friends all but now, euen now,
In quarter, and in termes, like bride and groome,
Deueſting them to bed, and then but now,
As if ſome planet had vnwitted men,
Swords out, and tilting one at others breaſt,
In oppoſition bloody. I cannot ſpeake
Any beginning to this peeuiſh odds;
And would in action glorious, I had loſt
Theſe legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How came it *Michael*, you were thus forgot?

Caſ. I pray you pardon me, I cannot ſpeake.

Oth. Worthy *Montanio*, you were wont be ciuill,
The grauity and ſtilneſſe of your youth,
The world hath noted, and your name is great,
In men of wiſeſt cenſure: what's the matter
That you vnlace your reputation thus,
And ſpend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night brawler? giue me anſwer to't?

Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Iago* can informe you,
While I ſpare ſpeech, which ſomething now offends me,
Of all that I doe know, nor know I ought
By me, that's ſed or done amiſſe this night,
Vnleſſe ſelfe-charity be ſometime a vice,
And to defend our ſelues it be a ſinne,
When violence aſſayles vs.

Oth. Now by heauen
My blood begins my ſafer guides to rule,
And paſſion hauing my beſt iudgement coold,
Aſſayes to leade the way. Zouns, if I ſtirre,

Or